THE Numb. 30.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From **Monday** September 12, to **Wednesday** September 14, 1709.

MRS. *Windmill*, Mrs. *Lightfoot*, Mrs *Butterfly*, Mrs. *Shittlecock*, and the two Mrs. *Hoyden-tails*, are Ladies remark'd to be mighty Frollickſome; they are Women of Quality, and conſequently above Reputation; *Scandal* and *Deſtraction* are *Diſeaſes* out of Faſhion, which People of Rank have bequeath'd to the middle ſort, whoſe Family Affairs confining 'em from the World's *Agreements*, their ſole Pleaſure is to pry into one another's Concerns, ſuſpect one another's Conduct, and carry little reflecting Stories from one Houſe to another; but theſe Ladies have the *French* Taſte of *Eaſe*, *Humour* and *Satisfaction*, they talk without *Conſideration*, act without *Decorum*, and divert themſelves juſt as immediate Fancy prompts 'em, without caring two pinches of Snuff what the moſt malicious Tongue can ſay of 'em; they have a Notion, that a true Injoyment of the World does not conſiſt in *Court-Drawing-Rooms*, *Operas*, and *Hyde Park*, to be always diſplaying their *Tiſſues* and aſſerting their *Quality*; they are for more familiar Diverſions; out of their Beds mobb'd into their Coaches, *Chocolate at* Bull's, *Clambering to the top of* Pauls, *a Fiſh Dinner at* Billingſgate, *a Raffle, and a Bowl of Punch at an* India-houſe, *and then a ramble to* Bedlam; *'tis a Melancholy Place, poor Creatures! that have loſt their Senſes, but they have ſometimes obſerved the Prettieſt Young Fellows there they ever ſaw*; the downfal of *Barthol'mew-Fair* was no ſmall *Chagrin* to 'em, a *Tragick-Droll* by Mr *Pinkethman*'s *Comedians* was diverting, and the *Cloyſters* amuz'd 'em beyond any thing; however the Camp at *Black-Heath* has made 'em ſome amends, all Sights are alike to thoſe who only want a pretence to *Gallop*. Tradeſmen admire 'em, adore 'em, talk of 'em to every Cuſtomer, they are *the Sweeteſt, beſt Natur'd Ladies, and not a bit of Pride in 'em, ſet a Ham and Chickens before 'em they'll eat heartily, they love Jellies and Sweatmeats too, and if you offer 'em Mead, Syder, Wine or fine Cordials they'll taſte of every thing, Lord! how condeſcending they are.* What a happy Priveledge People of Quality have to put Citizens to Three or Four Pounds Chage, without making 'em any return, and have their Company too reckon'd a very great Honour; their Court Life is to Breakfaſt at Noon, huddle on their Cloaths for the *Opera*, Dine at Midnight, away to *Lady Baſſets*, where they ruine themſelves with exceſſive deep Play, then rattle home to Bed juſt as their Husbands riſe to go a Hunting; yeſterday theſe Six Ladies, whom I had never ſeen before, took a fancy to viſit me, their deſign was to divert ſome leiſure Hours, be extreamly upon the Ridicule, and flirt away again; but as I was never aw'd by Titles, Airs or Equipage, and had too much *Experience* to value the *fleering* of a few conceited, giddy Young Creatures, their Spleen had not the Diverſion they expected. I took the Liberty to tell 'em, that the Levity, and unaccountable Proceedings of ſome great People, ev'ry Day renders Honour leſs valuable in the eſteem of the World, that Reſpect now was paid to true Merit, and he that has *Wit, Capacity, Taſte and Diſcernment is truly Noble*; Honour was deſign'd to illuſtrate Men of *Valour, Politicks and Elocution*, who ought to be *Wiſe, Temperate, Civil, Generous and Grateful*, and give *Examples* to others rather than receive 'em, and to diſtinguiſh Ladies of more *Religion, Virtue, Modeſty* and *Generoſity* than the meaner ſort; but *Greatneſs* now very much conſiſts in extravagant Luxury, Oſtentation, Fools and Flatterers, and that there are ſome, who did they know their Inferiors and Themſelves wou'd be aſham'd of being above 'em; the Ladies were a little ſtartl'd at my blunt *Morality*, but I ſweeten'd 'em again by turning the Diſcourſe on a ſubject more pleaſant to 'em, they afterwards behav'd themſelves with abundance of good Humour, intend a real Acquaintance with me, and I hope by degrees to contract their little Excurſions within the Bounds of *Reaſon, Decency* and *Decorum*.

I fully determin'd not to trouble the Town any further with my Remarks on the *Apollo Creatures*, ſince its ſetting People to enquire after their Paper, which, when read, their Poetry is ſuch Dogril, and their Proſe ſuch Emptineſs, pitiful pretence of Argument, paultry Similees, and *Grubſtreet* Language, that Mrs *Crackenthorpe* is is reflected on for deluding People into ſo much ill-ſpent time; but as the following Letter came from a Perſon of Diſcernment, I thought my ſelf oblig'd to Publiſh it.

Madam,

"I Humbly Congratulate you on your Triumph over the *Britiſh Apollo*, whoſe Wit is fall'n to "ſo low an Ebb, that I perceive he has deſired Aſſiſt-"ance from all his *Queriſts* againſt you; but alas! did "the deſpicable Wretches know, that ſuch lame Aſſer-"tions, and wretched Satyr only make their Cauſe the "worſe, they wou'd rather mind their *Shops* than diſ-"credit their *Delphick Oracle* by ſuch vain Attempts; "and the beſt Anſwer you can give them for the fu-"ture, *Will be to take no Notice of them*; beſides 'tis "your Intereſt the *Apollo* ſhould hold out longer, that "your Paper may be diſtinguiſh'd by it: Indeed that "Scurvy Libel never had any Reputation but in the "City, and tho *The Society of Ingenious Gentlemen*, its Un-"dertakers, pretend to Queſtions from the *Learned*, yet "it is very well known the chief Queriſts are Drapers, "Haberdaſhers, Grocers, Ale-houſe-keepers, and ſuch "ſort of Traſh. Not a Prentice in *Cheapſide* will now "a days make his Paſſion known to his Miſtreſs with-

"our

" out consulting *Apollo*, who (for I must needs say " the God is very Friendly and very Humble) gives him " directions to manage his whole Amour; Old Jealous " Shop-keepers consult him how to govern their Wives, " and Wives again how to jilt their Husbands; 'tis " pleasant to see the Horn-mad Citizen walking about " his Shop, and scratching his Pate for Rhimes to " send to this *Brittish Oracle*. And how does the " Vain Coxcomb hug himself over a Dish of *Twist* " and extol the mighty God of Wit when he finds " his own Impertinence Impertinently answer'd? " This *Spurious Apollo* has of late indeed created abun- " dance of City Poets, for he that has once address'd " himself in a Stanza of *Bell-man's Metre*, has Impu- " dence enough to think he is sufficiently qualify'd for " that Place, which has been of dangerous consequence, " several Tradesmen having thro their own, and their " 'Prentices neglect of Business to dabble with Poetry, " been forc'd to move cross the Water, or study in ano- " ther Climate. The City-Council had a Project to " turn *Apollo* out of their Liberties, and Mr *Deputy* " *Bustle* stoutly pleaded, that the very Name of *Wit* " was a scandal to the sober Members of the Corpora- " tion, (but finding none in our *Modern Apollo*, let the " Matter drop for that time but promise for the future " to look after him) Several Coffee-houses about *Guild-* " *hall* have already thrown out his *Godship*, and if the " Citizens, those legitimate Sons of *Sternold* fail him " (for he has been cast off long ago by the more Polite " part of the Town) his Poetasters must wholly devote " their Conundrums to *Shadwell*, *Wapping* or *Ratcliff*. " I shall trouble you, Madam, but with this further Ob- " servation, That sometime past a Gentleman sent them " a very nice Question, introduc'd with a Poetical " Story very *a pro pos* to it, 'twas triflingly answer'd at " length, but the Story wholly left out; soon after we " address'd 'em with a most insignificant Query, Pre- " fac'd with about Twenty Lines in their Praise, these " were all set down, and the Question most Thankfully " reply'd to: From hence 'tis plain, that these *Merce-* " *nary Pretenders to Wit* will greedily swallow the most " ridiculous Nonsence, if baited with Panegerick. I " need not tell you, Madam, how much I admire your " Undertaking, and am with all due respect,

Your most humble Servant

G. S.

*** *The Vintners Wife near* Pall-Mall, *that sets up for Quality, whose Husband lost no more by a late Fire than he has by his Wife's whipping out at the Back-Door with some of the best Customers, gives Notice, That She is returning to her old Habitation, where she intends to appear as* degaugee *as ever, and desires her Neighbours that can't go as fine, and keep as good Company as her Ladyship, not to be so Impertinent and Saucy as to parrot about her private Entertainments and refin'd Gallantries, till they are Polite enough to be admitted into her Cabinet-Council.*

*** *At* Hockley in the Hole, *at the Sign of* Jack Adams, *a very near Relation to such* Bear-Garden *Masters of Defence, as play the* Rough Game *in Vindication of the* British Apollo, *is to be performed a Consort of what* they *call* Musick; *Tarpaulins, Taylors, Porters, Carmen, Ale-Drapers, Basket Women, Costermongers, Fish-Wives, Journey-men Cutlers, Bailiffs, Butchers, and Draymen, are the Principal Persons that are to compose the Audience. The Vocal Part of it by an* Æthiopian *Ballad-Singer, to the Tune of a late* Poetical Description *of that Country, falsly styl'd a* History, *and Seignior* Tatterdemaliano *an* Italian Rag-Merchant. *The Instrumental by two* Chimney-Sweepers *in St* John's Clerkenwell, *the C——k of St* M——s Westminster, *and 3* Lancashire *Hog-Drivers The Words in the* Welch, Syriack, Coptick, Hebrew, Chaldean *and* Arabick *Tongues, by Mr* Powel *at the* Bath's *Name-Jake and* Theological *Poppet; and Dr.* Pusillanimous, *who upon* Second Thoughts *is set up for a great Scruple-salver as well as Oculist. Therefore all Subscribers that have any Relish for such Entertainments, and take in the Monthly and Quarterly Books of this Harmonious Society, are desired to bring their Dinners with them by One in the Afternoon the 16th Instant, to the* Little Box *facing the Street that is taken up for their Reception; For the Musick is to begin precisely at that Hour, and no Persons of whatsoever Sex or Quality, from the* Stable *to the* Kitchen, *will be admitted after it.*

Apollo *is desired to give the* Solution *of one of the easiest of the Ten Mathematical* Problems, *lately sent him by the Reverend Mr* H——, *which if they do not, it will be sufficient to convince the World, that he Answer very few Questions but those of his own proposing and those too in his own Commendation.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

†‡† An exact Plan of the City of Mons, with every particular Work that has been added to its Fortifications by the French since they took it in 1691; so very expressive, as to shew every particular Barriere in the Cover'd way; done from the Original lately published at Brussels. Together with a Map of the Country about Mons, Conde, Valenciennes, Le Quenoy, Maubeuge, Charleroy, &c. By C. Price and J Senex. Sold by George Wildey and Tim. Brandreth, at the Archimedes and Globe next the Dog Tavern, in Ludgate-street; where are made to the greatest Perfection, all sorts of Spectacles, Telescopes, Microscopes, Perspective Glasses, with all sorts of Curiosities in that kind. N. B. The Plan of Mons published lately, does not contain one half of the Fortifications about it, and may as well serve for the City of London, or any other place.

THE delightful Chymical Liquor for the Breath, Teeth and Gums, which in a moment makes the most Nauseous Breath smell delicately fine and charming, and in very little time infallibly Cures, so that an offensive Breath will not return; it certainly makes the blackest and most foul Teeth perfectly white, clean and beautiful to a miracle; Cures the Scurvy in the Gums, tho never so inveterate, making the best Flesh grow again, when almost Eaten away, and infallibly fastens loose Teeth to Admiration, even in old People, who too often falsly think their Age to be the Occasion: In short, for delightfully Perfuming and quickly curing an Ill-scented Breath, for presently making the blackest Teeth most excellently white, certainly fastening them when loose, effectually preserving them from rotting or decaying, and assuredly curing the Scurvy in the Gums, it has not its equal in the Universe, as abundance of the Nobility and Gentry throughout the Kingdom have experienc'd. Is sold at Mr. Payn's a Toy-shop at the Angel and Crown in St Paul's Church-Yard near Cheapside, at 2 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions.

A Charming Wash for the Face and Hands, which makes them so delicately white, soft and pure, and so thoroughly cleanses the Skin from all Defilements, whether Redness, Sunburn, Tanning, Pimples, Morphew, Scurf, &c. that nothing can exceed it; 'tis wholly free from Mercury or any Mercurial Ingredients, as all Persons may be satisfy'd upon Tryal; for put a Sixpence, or any piece of Silver into it, letting it lye as long as you please it alters not, but a Mercurial or poysonous Preparation in a few hours changes the Silver black. This Wash is daily used by many Ladies of Quality, is mightily esteemed by the Fair Sex in general; the Ladies at Venice, (great quantities being yearly sent thither) prefering it before their Talick Washes of 5 Guineas the Pint; being acceptable to the Tendereſt Skin, and fit to be used to the youngest Children, upon once using it alters the Skill for the better, and after a few days so visible changes the browneſt Complexion into a pure and delectable whiteness, as is admirable to behold. And tho all that use it acknowledge, that from its beautiful Excellencies and delightful scent and safety, 'tis worth its weight in Gold; yet that Persons of all Ranks may have the Benefit of it, its sold but for 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle, and is to be had only at Jacob's Coffee-house against the Angel and Crown Tavern in Threadneedle-street near the Royal Exchange, sealed up with Directions.

THE Famous Royal Essence for the Hair of the Head, Perriwigs, &c. being the most delightfully charming Perfume in Nature, excellently beneficial to Health, and the best Preserver of Hair in the World, keeping that of Perriwigs in the Curl, and all Hair from fading or changing Colour; makes the Hair of the Head grow thick, strengthens and confirms its Roots, and infallibly keeps it from falling off, or splitting at the Ends. By its incomparable Perfume it strengthens the Brain, revives the Spirits and quickens the Memory, but never raises the Vapours in Ladies; it also scents Handkerchiefs excellently. Since it has been so exceedingly admir'd and valu'd by the Nobility and Gentry, it has been lately counterfeited, therefore take Notice that the true is to had only at Mr Alcraft's, a Toy-shop, at the Blue Coat Boat against the Royal Exchange in Cornhil, at 2 s. the Bottle with Directions.

THE Great German Spirit for Deafness, Thickness of Hearing, Noise or Pain in the Ears, &c. a few drop of which drope warm into the Ears every night and morning, cures to admiration. With this Spirit a certain Nobleman cured several that were born deaf: For it being of a volatile and congenious Nature, pervades or enters into the Membrane of the Tympanum or Drum of the Ears, and removes all the Impediments of Obstructions thereof; being a Medicine powerful, safe and easy, fails never, if curable, and many times cures those that have been deem'd incurable, after Syringing, Fuming and the use of all other external as well as internal Application. Is sold at 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle, at Mr Spooner's at the Golden Half-Moon in Lemon street in Goodman's Fields near White Chappel.